

INDIA'S WONDERFUL WIZARDS

They Perform Feats Which Seem Supernatural in Their Nature.

COBRAS FROM NOTHING.

The Basket Trick and the Mango Tree—Chairs Lifted by the Eyes—Lads—Caste Prejudices of the Hindoos.

Indian Jugglers.

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BOMBAY, May 18, 1889.—[Special correspondence of THE BEE.]—India is the land of the "Light of Asia." It is here that the esoteric Buddhists look for their instruction and many of the theosophical sects of America have Indian teachers, with whom they correspond and from whom they expect to get some of that wonderful sweetness and light, which is supposed to exist in its purest form in this land of mystical thought. Through them they would learn to annihilate space, to dematerialize their souls for the moment and send them on aerial errands to other parts of the world. They would learn that wonderful concentration of soul which enables its possessor to dissolve matter into the elements from which it is made by a word, and by another word "Presto!" to turn it back into the solid or liquid form, from which they decomposed it. One of them, who is now traveling in India and searching for the "light," tells me he has heard of Indian theosophists who, by a wave of the hand, can change a glass of water into the oxygen and hydrogen, of which it is formed, and by the same motion dissolve the glass particles into their original elements. Another wave and the glass containing the water re-appears before your eyes, just as full and in exactly the same condition as it was before. I asked this man whether he had ever seen a miracle performed. He replied "no," and upon further conversation I found that he had as yet seen nothing which could be called supernatural. "I have had several talks with my masters," said he, "and I have been told that I would receive a manifestation. It may come within a few days and it may not come for a week, and I hope there will be no natural law that will prevent it. I will wait in India until I receive it."

This was three weeks ago and at last

the man was waiting yet.

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THIS WONDERFUL INDIAN PHENOMENON.

I have looked, but it may be that I lack

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lance drawn. A juggler was killed a week ago in Benares by the bite of a cobra, which he was using in this way, and they are the most terrible snakes I have ever seen. At the end of a rope on this account. I am present with a party of four and we all decided to ascertain, if we could, how this trick was done. I stood upon a chair and lowered myself until I was within reach of the snakes, but I could not tell where they came from, and I only know that he had them, and they were so big that he crowded them with difficulty into a little round basket the size of a peck measure.

These jugglers are wonderful snake charmers. They make the snake appear almost dead, and the snakes they use are the most deadly kind. I was told by an Englishman at Benares of an incident which happened there a short time ago. A juggler was performing with snakes, and a Hindoo standing by said that the fangs of the snake had been drawn, and that any man could do the trick. He was doing it. The juggler replied that they were not. The Hindoo protested, and in spite of the warnings of the juggler, seized one of the snakes. It was a cobra, and it sunk its fangs into his arm. A moment later the man dropped to the ground, saying he was poisoned, and in two hours he was dead.

I saw two women jugglers at Benares. They were bright, intelligent girls, and one of them appeared almost old enough to be the mother of the other. They did many wonderful things, one of which was mixing up sand in water and then putting the sand into the discolored fluid, they brought a handful of sand, which they filtered through their fingers as dry as before it went in. The youngest of these girls was perhaps fifteen. She was tall, well-formed and fine-looking. She had bracelets on arms and feet, and her eyes were as beautiful as those of a gazelle. One of her tricks was the lifting of a heavy chair by her eyes, the thought of which almost makes my eyes sore. The chair was a heavy mahogany one, which belonged to the room in which I was staying. She tied two strong strings to the top of it and fixed the ends of these strings to her eyes by little round metal cups, and she lifted the chair up and it sank to the floor. I told her that the trick was disgusting and that she ought never to try it again. Still, for some reason, she persisted in doing it. She was well satisfied with two raptures or about seventy cents.

Some jugglers come from Benares to the great fair at Calcutta, and some from the provinces and in the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, where the great prisoners of the English are located. The native women are called "ladies" and a bundle of sticks. These people have only names for common gender, which are applicable to either sex and they are not at all different in their expression of friendship or joy. Some of the tall tribes of India look very much like negroes, and there are in India many tribes of people who are of African descent. In central India only seventeen years ago there was a tribe of about ten thousand women who wore no clothes. The sole article of dress was a small piece of cloth, which they wore around the waist with a bunch of leaves tied before and behind, and they were clothed finally by the order of the British government. In England, the women of the tribes of the Himalayas are many curious tribes. Some of the tribes near Darjeeling reckon a journey by the number of quills of tobacco which they chew upon the way, and some of the most gorgeous specimens of Hindoo jewelry I have seen I saw on the women of the Himalayas. Some of them had necklaces of fifty rupees strung around their necks, and some had gold plates twice the diameter of a dollar, which they wore around their necks. Some of these Himalayan tribes have

ONE WIFE TO FOUR MEN

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would lose caste if he ate anything cooked by a man of a different caste from himself, and on some of the boats I saw Indian rajahs, who ate nothing from the beginning of a voyage on this account. I am present with a party of four and we all decided to ascertain, if we could, how this trick was done. I stood upon a chair and lowered myself until I was within reach of the snakes, but I could not tell where they came from, and I only know that he had them, and they were so big that he crowded them with difficulty into a little round basket the size of a peck measure.

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THE LOVES OF GREAT MEN.

All Reminders We May Make Our Loves Sublime.

HOW WHITNEY WON HIS BRIDE.

He Was so Well Pleased With His Friend's Sweetheart That he Took Her Himself—Capit Among Notables.

Whitney's Wily Ways.

The wife of Hon. William C. Whitney, recently secretary of the navy, has proved a veritable mascot to him. And the manner in which he became a close ally of Standard Oil is indicative of the good fortune which has attended this astute politician and financier throughout his career.

When young Whitney was at Yale he had a chum in a confiding classmate, who is now Rev. Leander Chamberlain, a brother of ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain.

Young Chamberlain, so the story goes, had won the heart of Miss Payne, daughter